

RIVALS UNLITZED FOR ROSIE'S HAND.

Two, East Side Lovers Settled the Question in Novel Style:

Oscar Whitman Won to the Tune of "She May Have Seen Better Days."

At the Last Moment Ernst Masserman Stepped on a Match and Lost His Feet.

THE FAIR MAID WAS NOT PRESENT.

Miss Cohen Could Not Bear to Look Upon the Contest, So Refused to Seem to Take His Decision to Her Home.

Who should lead the hand of Rosie Cohen was a question. Oscar Whitman and Ernst Masserman both coveted this prize, so, to settle the matter as gentlemen should, they waited for the hand of Rosie Cohen last night in the hall at No. 220 Broome street.

Mr. Whitman won in one round, to the somewhat surprise of some of the on-lookers. The rivals are each twenty years old. Whitman lives at No. 21 Canal street. The home of Masserman is at No. 220 Broome street, and the friends of the contestants hall from all over the East Side.

Not only is Rosie Cohen, of No. 109 Eldridge street, well up in the front rank of East Side belles, but her grace, style and execution as an athlete dancer have heralded her name beyond that district. To see Rosie dance is like reading a James Whitcomb Riley poem. It is said that in the three-finger glide or the bouquet pivot waltz she can give any girl in New York the affluence and beat her out at the game.

Though Whitman and Masserman are both young men, they have enjoyed wide varied experience in tripping the l. F. too, not alone in the Class Harmon, but at more pretentious functions on the East Side during the height of the Winter social season. It was at one of these affairs that they met the charming Rosie Cohen and straightway fell in love with her. Rosie liked them both, but could not make up her mind as to which one twanged most tunefully at her heartstrings. Nor could the young men settle this question, and from friends they gradually grew to be rivals.

Much distressed over this double dose of undying love, Miss Cohen consulted Jake Seligman, a renowned East Side Adonis and diplomat. Jake saw his friend, Samuel Wagner, who proposed that a reception be given, at which the rivals should sip to a finish for the hand and hand of sweet Rosie Cohen, so to accept the contestant who proved the better dancer. To this proposition the rivals agreed, and the waiting match was pulled off according to the rules made and provided. Wagner acted as master of ceremonies, and Seligman refereed the contest.

In deference to the feelings of the rivals, the wait for the hand of Rosie Cohen took place without the knowledge of the company. Even the rivals who danced with the Whitman and Masserman realized the importance of this dramatic episode, and as for Rosie, her emotion would not permit her to gaze upon the scene. Shortly before the fatal moment Miss Cohen sent in for Mr. Seligman, who promised to referee the things by trusty messenger to Rosie's address the moment the winner was declared.

As a bit of preliminary practice, the rivals danced a polka in which Mr. Whitman handled two ladies with wonderful ease. He danced with his partner on a new waltz, which was purchased from the East Side. It is a tall young man, possessing a longer leg reach than Mr. Masserman, who chose a little girl in blue.

At 9 o'clock Mr. Seligman, elegantly arrayed in evening dress, told the rivals to take their course. Masserman, who had the little girl, and glided eastward down the hall, dodging the posts in a manner that you could not expect from a dancer. The few friends in the secret. Oscar Whitman selected a tall girl, with a feather bonnet, and many plumes in her hair, and the great struggle was on. Mr. Whitman danced superbly, not a wrinkle marring the glossy smoothness of his countenance, which stuck to the wall. He was a perfect. Oscar could be easily located in the swirling crowd by his milky hat, glimmering like a beacon light.

Little streams of perspiration thawed the collars of the rivals as they danced as they never did before. Long Mr. Whitman led by half a foot, with his stocky air, and the short maid in blue holding the position nobly.

Referee Seligman watched the gliding couples with a puzzled eye. He has presided at many prize waltzes, but he never saw dancers so quickly met. He was probably have declared a draw, but at the last dying gasp of "She May Have Seen Better Days" the Masserman stepped on the first match. The explosion caused him to leave his feet for a second, and before the little man could recover the hand of Rosie Cohen was lost to him forever.

The rivals shook hands, and said that Mr. Seligman's decision would stand.

JUSTICE FORD INDICTED.

His Accounting of the Julia A. Castner Estate Was \$1,700 Short.

Among the indictments handed up by the Grand Jury in New Brunswick, N. J., yesterday, was one against Justice of the Peace Charles F. Ford, for embezzlement.

He is charged with misappropriation of \$1,700 belonging to the Julia A. Castner estate.

Justice A. Castner is a lunatic in the Trenton Asylum. Justice Ford was her guardian until a few months ago. Last Spring the heirs of Mrs. Castner asked the Court to issue an order compelling Justice Ford to make an accounting. Justice Ford presented the accounting. It showed that he owed the estate \$1,700. The Court then named as guardian and Irving Hoagland appointed in his stead.

Suit was laid on by the Circuit Court to recover the money due. The Court gave a verdict against him and his bondsmen by default. The criminal proceeding is a new phase of the suit.

MRS. HASKELL'S LOST GEMS.

She Recognized Them in a Jeweller's Window and Had Him Taken to Court.

Mrs. Haskell, who declines to give her address to the newspaper, was walking along Third avenue yesterday, when she saw in the window of Elias Sone's jewelry store, at No. 229, a pair of diamond earrings valued at several hundred dollars, which she says, she recognized as the jewels that were stolen from her some time ago.

She reported the matter to Captain O'Brien and Station was taken to Essex Market Court, where the case was dismissed on the ground that the only question at issue was the ownership of the diamonds, and that was a matter for the civil courts to settle.

Mrs. Haskell, Mr. Stone and the police all refused to give any further information about the case, and intimated that it would be settled out of court.

HAVE A MILLION IN ONE DAY'S WINNINGS.

Louis V. Bell's Remarkable Speculation in Manhattan "L" Stock.

Began Selling a Week Ago; Bought When Shares Were Tumbling Yesterday.

Old-Timers Marvel at the Young Man's Napoleonic Foresight and Daring.

HAS WON SEVERAL BIG FORTUNES.

Entered Wall Street as the Inheritor of a Small Fortune, and Financiers Prophesied His Speedy Failure.

In the culmination of a daring coup on the Stock Exchange yesterday Louis V. Bell, a comparatively young man, considered by many to be the leader of a new generation of speculators on Wall Street, realized a sum estimated at half a million dollars.

Louis V. Bell is a stocky man with a strong face. His expression of countenance might lead a casual observer to believe him a comedian of merit. He has shrewd eyes and a genial, hearty manner. There is no more popular man on the Exchange. He is a genius. The news of his enormous profit was received without expressions of disappointment, because when Mr. Bell realized a big profit he carries his friends with him.

Among the men who benefited by his advice in the last great deal was E. B. Talcott, the former baseball manager. Mr. Talcott did not realize as much as half a million dollars, but he has an addition to his bank account that will set aside any possibility of his having to shovel snow for a living this winter. A great many brokers followed the lead of Mr. Bell, and all made money. He is a man who seldom loses.

Not Mere Luck. The enormous fortune Mr. Bell cleared up yesterday was not gained by chance. It was the result of shrewd figuring. The bulk of it was realized on the drop in stock of the Manhattan Elevated. Six days ago Mr. Bell began to sell Manhattan. He is a bold operator, and when he goes in to sell it is not long before the market feels it. In six days he sold 20,000 or 25,000 shares.

Yesterday, when the stock was dropping down and down, and the revelations of the Handicaps suit brought in Albany today to secure the removal of certain members of the Board of Directors were compelling everybody owning the stock to unload. Mr. Bell started in to buy. He bought right and left. Stock that was worth from 100 to 104 when he sold it he bought in at about 88. Before the army of speculators realized it, he had cleared hundreds of thousands of dollars. It was Louis V. Bell who saved Manhattan stock from slipping yesterday until it would have been a matter of finding the bottom with a search warrant.

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History One of Success. The Stock Exchange history of Louis V. Bell is interesting. He comes of an old New York family. His father, Isaac Bell, was a well-known citizen. For generations there has been an Isaac Bell in the Bell family, and there is a tradition that in 1870, when a young man of twenty-four, Louis V. Bell was admitted to the floor of the Stock Exchange. He was mild and gentle in his ways, and was soon a great favorite with the younger set. The old man looked at him askance. They gathered together and prophesied disaster for him. He was a college man, with a meagre business training. According to all precedents with a few exceptions, he was to fail. He was to become an incubus on the street. Today he is a millionaire and his deal yesterday has set the speculative world agog. Many of the old men who prophesied disaster for the smooth-visaged collegian lie in unknown graves.

He Begins to Plunge. Louis V. Bell spent fifteen years on the Stock Exchange before he began to go into the market to the extent that plungers do. It was not until 1881 that he did anything at all. He began to trade in the market in conjunction with other bears, numerous and influential, he began to pound the market along in the Spring. Mr. Bell was the leader in this movement. He figured that the enormous floating debts of many of the railroads were slowly but surely forcing them into the hands of receivers. He was right was shown in 1883, when nothing but the enormous crops saved the bears, and the capitalists are the bulls. Men almost invariably follow the bull and bear habits according to their mental state at the time when they begin their careers on the floor. After the big deal of 1881 Mr. Bell was watched carefully, and he disclosed by his operations that he was so evenly balanced as to be neither an optimist nor a pessimist, neither a bull nor a bear. He was on either side of the market as his judgment dictated.

It was not until last Summer that Mr. Bell dropped out of the market as a prominent figure in speculation. He had been making money since 1881, and was considered a dangerous man to fight, but he had figured in no deals where fortunes were made in a few minutes by a single manipulation of the market.

Wins a Quarter of a Million. When McKinley was nominated in St. Louis there was a strong bull movement in Wall Street. The first man to sell the market was Mr. Bell. Other bulls followed his lead, and they sold all the way down the line from 20 to 30 points. But he knew when to let go. About three weeks before the election he began to buy in. The other bulls oversteered. They were not sure that McKinley was to be elected, but Mr. Bell was sure. He bought and sold on both sides of the market at once, and when he balanced up his accounts he found himself \$250,000 in the pocket.

His chief operation at this time was in Reading. Along in September he bought about 50,000 and 90,000 shares of this stock. When it was a few days before the election he began to sell. The wise men on "Change" said he was buying it for Pierpont Morgan. He kept his own counsel and bought. When the reaction came after the election he let go, and cleared enough to form the bulk of his profit of a quarter of a million through the Summer. Reading advanced eleven points while Mr. Bell was buying the stock.

About a week ago he began to sell Manhattan. The wise men said he was selling it for the Goolds. He kept on selling. He also sold Burlington. The news of the Handicaps suit yesterday morning broke in that stock. He bought and sold other stocks, taking advantage of the fluctuation on an excitable market, and made the enormous addition to his fortune of half a million dollars.

This is the new leader of Wall Street. Men like Louis Bell and Maurice Wormser, who made a fortune in Sugar last Summer, are taking the places of the old-time leaders like Addison Cammack. Bell and Wormser are considered the leaders of a new regime. Their methods are similar, but it is thought Bell is the bolder speculator, and the wiser.

Wormser tried to buy St. Paul stock last Summer. It was not to the advantage of Bell at that time to have a boom in St. Paul. He went in against Mr. Wormser and forced his brilliant rival out of the field. He is a hard man to down, and with his great fortune it is not easy to predict what he will do with the members of the Stock Exchange before he finishes. He seems to possess the gift of second sight.



LOUIS V. BELL, WHO WON \$500,000 YESTERDAY.

What the Young Operator Gained on Wall Street Would Give the City's 150,000 Unemployed a Merry Christmas.

Louis V. Bell won a half million dollars on Wall Street yesterday. It is estimated that 150,000 men are out of work in New York City. Let cold figures tell the comparative conditions of the workman and the speculator.

THE WORKINGMAN.	
Men out of work in New York.....	150,000
Their day's wages.....	600,000
THE SPECULATOR.	
One day's winnings in Wall Street.....	\$500,000
Which would buy—	
Bushels of coal.....	2,000,000
Loaves of bread.....	25,000,000
Pounds of meat.....	5,000,000
Pounds of coffee.....	2,000,000
Pounds of sugar.....	6,000,000
Overcoats.....	50,000
Pairs children's shoes.....	500,000
Double blankets.....	100,000

To Bell Christmas may well be merry. To thousands of workmen's families it means simply one more day of privation. The Merry Christmas bells from the churches will ring just as though all were as happy as Bell.

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Advertising in the Journal Pays! Mr. R. B. Gibson, of 10 South Street, Boston, Mass., advertised in the New York Journal last Fall a Hercules Club. That one advertisement, although it only occupied forty lines and was among a lot of other display advertising, brought him sales as follows: No. 1 Club, 100; No. 2 Club, 50.

That is pretty quick response to one single advertisement. It merely demonstrates over again, however, that all the great success of the Journal is due to the country the New York Journal stands at the head.

SHIRT MAY HAVE CAUSED A MURDER.

Mrs. Regan and Mrs. McKee Took Too Many Cherry Hill "Pints."

Then the Pair Had a Fierce Battle, and Mrs. McKee May Die.

She Says Mrs. Regan Kicked Her, but the Latter Alleges Self-Defence.

THEY QUARRELLED OVER A BUNDLE.

It Was Left in Mrs. Regan's Custody, and She Was Accused of Having Abstracted the Garment During Mrs. McKee's Absence.

Mrs. Nora Regan, of No. 301 Cherry street, is a prisoner, committed without bail, in the Essex Market Prison. Mrs. Annie McKee, her former friend, is lying in a critical condition at No. 3 Goerck street. In her ante-mortem statement she accused Mrs. Regan of being responsible for her injuries.

For years the Regans, of Cherry Hill, and the McKees were friends. At the mixed affairs in the neighborhood the two families were never known to quarrel with each other. They quarrelled with others when opportunity offered and the she became a factor in the case, but never with each other. One day early last month Mrs. Regan, who is about forty, and a typical East Side character, during a visit to Mrs. McKee, asked the latter if she would mind keeping a bundle she had until she returned. Mrs. Regan was going somewhere before she went home, and didn't care to carry the bundle with her.

Mrs. McKee was only too glad to accommodate her friend, and the bundle was put away in Mrs. McKee's room.

A few days later on November 14—Mrs. Regan called for her bundle. A call in that neighborhood means a "pint." Pint followed pint, and when Mrs. Regan decided it was time to go, a "bottle" was necessary. The opportunity offered when the bundle was brought out.

Mrs. Regan said that the bundle looked as if it had been tampered with. Mrs. McKee said it had never been untied, and Mrs. Regan began to make a census of the contents. She had lost a shirt, and was missing, and that Mrs. McKee had stolen it.

This was a declaration of war, as much as if Mrs. Regan had hurled a flatiron at Mrs. McKee.

When the crash came both declared that, while they had been friends for years, they had only been waiting for a chance. Mrs. McKee tried to throw a kettle of hot water over her opponent. Mrs. Regan, however, was too quick for her, and before the boiling liquid could be hurled, had hit her on the head with a stove lifter. Mrs. McKee fell to the floor and Mrs. Regan, in true Cherry Hill style, proceeded to give her the "boot."

When she stopped and left the place, declaring that she had been robbed of a shirt. Mrs. McKee, who was in ill health, was groaning on the floor. The injury to her head did not make much difference, and healed in a few days. The kicks, however, had a more serious effect, and a few days later Dr. G. M. Vandergriff, of No. 287 Henry street, was called in.

After the birth of the dead child complications set in, due to the kicking, and Friday the doctor, believing Mrs. McKee's condition to be critical, notified the police and the Coroner. Mrs. Regan was arrested, and the Coroner took Mrs. McKee's ante-mortem statement. She claims that her former friend knew of her feeble condition and that she acted in self-defence.

When the arrest became known the Cherry Hill women said: "The idea that the women like them, and all about a shirt that wasn't worth the price of a pint."

WHO WILL SUCCEED BAYARD?

A Question Which is of Intense Interest Just Now to All London.

London, Dec. 19.—Never has such intense interest attached to the coming appointment of an American Ambassador to the Court of St. James as is felt in London concerning Mr. Bayard's successor. Senator Lodge, Whitelaw Reid, Joseph Choate, Colonel John Hay, and Chauncey M. Depew are all mentioned, and it ought to be said that any one of them would be welcomed by the American colony.

If Senator Lodge be rather an Anglophile, he would be esteemed as Belmont. Dr. Pierce's great 328-page free book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," several chapters are devoted to women's reproductive physiology. There are over 30 illustrations and colored plates. A paper-bound copy will be sent absolutely free on receipt of one cent stamp to pay the cost of mailing only. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. If a French cloth-bound, embossed and beautifully stamped binding is preferred, send ten cents extra, 1 cent in all to pay the extra cost of this more handsome binding.

CHRISTMAS TRAMP CAUSES A BIG FIRE.

Flames Start in a Show Window and Do \$250,000 Damage.

Section of Elizabeth Threatened by a Blaze Which Burns Twenty Buildings.

Firemen, Hampered by Lack of Water and a Strong Wind, Fight Desperately.

PANIC IN A FURNITURE STORE.

Tenants of the Burning Houses Try to Save Their Property—Neighbors Give Shelter to the Homeless Families.

Santa Claus sat in the window—a wonderful Santa Claus, who nodded his hoary head until his cotton beard almost touched his girdle. Around him ran a little toy engine, with real steam puffing out of its valves. The children on the street gazed in delight at the two—the nodding saint with the cotton beard and the tiny, puffing engine.

While they were watching them, the toy engine exploded. Another instant and the cotton beard of Santa Claus was in flames. Still twenty minutes more and the entire fire department of Elizabeth, N. J., was fighting with one of the fiercest fires in the history of the town. And when, finally, late yesterday afternoon, the flames were beaten, twenty buildings were smoking ruins, and a quarter of a million of dollars' worth of property had been destroyed. Santa Claus was nowhere to be seen. He had sat in the middle of the flames, and as Nero fiddled while Rome burned, so had he nodded his head, quicker and quicker, until the fire consumed him.

The buildings destroyed were all occupied as stores, and their windows were gay with holiday dentry.

McManus Brothers, furniture dealers, occupy six stores on First street. It was in their show window that the toy engine was running, and Santa Claus nodding. After the explosion it was not long before the whole window was a mass of flames. There were many persons in the store at the time, making purchases, and soon the cry of "Fire!" rose and there was a stampede for the street. The buildings were of wood and had been standing a long time.

An alarm of fire was quickly turned in, but when the firemen reached the scene of the blaze they quickly discovered that there was no water with which to fight the fire. The supply had been turned off for some unknown reason, and before it could be turned on the flames had gained a headway. They had spread to all the six stores occupied by the McManus Brothers and to the upper parts of the buildings.

The firemen, when they got the water, endeavored to put out the flames, but the frame structures quickly went up. The flames spread to the corner of Front and East Jersey streets, which was occupied by the Eagle Shoe Store. This building was ripped out.

On the other side of the McManus Brothers' store the damages were comparatively small, and destroyed Fishback's extensive fish market, the military store of Mrs. Marvel, the news stand occupied by Mrs. Gooden, and then started to burn in the direction of Front street, which is in the neighborhood of Staten Island Road. The flames, when they saw that they could not contain the flames to the buildings in which they had started, directed their attention toward holding the city. Every engine in the city was called out, and these were stationed in all the surrounding blocks. Streams of water were thrown into the blazing mass, but the buildings burned fiercely.

Nearly all the buildings are owned by Adam Baper, an ex-Sinking Fund Commissioner of the city of Elizabeth. He says that his property was insured for \$1,000,000. The stores that were destroyed all had extra stock in for the holidays, and were all expecting to do a rushing business this evening.

As the flames spread persons who lived in the houses began to remove their belongings from the buildings. A number of the residents were able to save their household effects. The turned-out families were from the buildings. A number of the residents were able to save their household effects. The turned-out families were from the buildings. A number of the residents were able to save their household effects. The turned-out families were from the buildings.

Many men volunteered to help the firemen in their work of fighting the flames, which burned very high and were seen from a long distance. It looked for a time when there was no water as if the fire was about to reach the corner of Front and East Jersey streets, which was occupied by the Eagle Shoe Store. This building was ripped out.

When the crash came both declared that, while they had been friends for years, they had only been waiting for a chance. Mrs. McKee tried to throw a kettle of hot water over her opponent. Mrs. Regan, however, was too quick for her, and before the boiling liquid could be hurled, had hit her on the head with a stove lifter. Mrs. McKee fell to the floor and Mrs. Regan, in true Cherry Hill style, proceeded to give her the "boot."

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ROBBED A GRAVE, LOST THE CORPSE.

Toledo Medical Students Carried the Body to a Doctor's Office.

Had It Boxed Up for Shipment, but the Express Agent Was Suspicious.

He Notified the Police, Who Are Now Industiously Trying to Run the Students to Earth.

DOCTOR WILL NOT REVEAL NAMES.

He Admits that the Cadaver Was Brought to His House, but the Authorities Hesitate to Order His Arrest.

Toledo, Ohio, Dec. 18.—The Police Department of this city is much exercised over a daring grave robbery committed last night, and detectives are hot on the trail of the "body snatchers." Dr. F. C. Hunt, a prominent physician, is implicated in the case, and is under surveillance. Two medical students whose names Dr. Hunt refuses to reveal are said to be the guilty parties.

Edward Cartwright, for years the superintendent of the insane department of the County Infirmary, died on Tuesday and was buried at the Infirmary Cemetery on Tuesday. About 6 o'clock this morning a call was received at the office of the Toledo Transfer Company from the office of Dr. F. C. Hunt, No. 911 Cherry street, for a wagon to take an express package to the Union Depot.

A wagon responded and a box about the size of a small trunk was given the driver. The box was addressed to James E. Carroll, No. 53 Boliver street, Cleveland, O., and marked "handle with care." The name G. W. Schleser was also on the box, but owing to an effort to erase it, it could scarcely be distinguished.

The Agent Was Suspicious. When the driver turned the property over to the depot agent, the latter examined it carefully and then refused to receive it. He hinted to the driver that it contained a corpse. The driver immediately took the box back to the office of the Transfer Company and related the facts to Captain P. H. Dowling, the manager. The latter at once sent for Coroner Henzler.

When that official arrived the box was opened and was found to contain the remains of Mr. Cartwright, almost stripped of clothing and doubled up and twisted about to fit the box. Investigation at the cemetery revealed the fact that the grave had been filled during the night, and that the body had been taken out.

As soon as these facts had been ascertained the police were notified and several detectives were put to work upon the case. Dr. Hunt was seen this afternoon. Journal representative and admitted that his horse and buggy had been used to convey the corpse from the cemetery, but refused to divulge the names of the two young men implicated. The Coroner does not consider it his place to order Dr. Hunt's arrest, and suggests that the Chief of Police take such action as he may deem proper. So far no arrests have been made.

BLACK WRITES HIS MESSAGE.

It Will Be Unusually Brief, and the Inauguration Ceremonies Will Be Simple.

Albany, Dec. 19.—Governor-elect Black is busy in Troy writing the Governor's annual message, which will be submitted to both houses of the next State Legislature on January 6. His private secretary, Mr. Griffith, has secured from the heads of the State departments data for Mr. Black's use in constructing his message. The document will be an unusually brief one.

The ceremonies attending the inauguration of Mr. Black as Governor at noon on January 1 will be simple. The Troy State Comptroller and the Chief of the Division of Albany will escort the Governor-elect from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol, and his speech will be made in the Senate Chamber, where the Governor-elect will administer the oath. Secretary of State will administer the oath. Governor Black will follow the usual custom in receiving their friends at the Executive Mansion in the afternoon.

SPECIAL SELECTIONS For Holiday Gifts AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. FURNITURE NOVELTIES.

See our Special Holiday display of Divans, Centre Tables, Brass and Onyx Tables, Piano and Jaquequet Lamps, Silk Shades, Mirrors, and much more. Also, at special prices, Hanging Hall Chairs, Gilt Chairs, Parlor and Bed-room Suits, Sideboards, Commodes, Bookcases, China Closets, Music Cabinets, Parlor Folding Beds, Brass and Iron Beds, Rockers, and much more. Also